

SPECIAL FEATURE

TO CATCH A KILLER



BY NATHAN M. ADAMS

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The Search for Ted Bundy

Throughout the West young women were mysteriously disappearing. Fourteen vanished without a trace. As for the rest, their remains would be discovered in isolated areas as far south as Arizona, as far north as British Columbia. Many had been raped or sexually molested, strangled and bludgeoned.

The nature of their deaths and details of their last-known movements led police to suspect that many of the victims had fallen prey to a lone murderer. Like a shark

SEATTLE, often called “the most livable” of American cities, was balanced on the edge of fear. In January 1974, the first young woman disappeared. Month after month, as if on a timetable, another was reported missing. In all, five young women in Washington had simply vanished. They were between 18 and 22 years old. Each was strikingly attractive.

PHOTOS, page 201: Top center—Ted Bundy pleads his case before an Orlando, Fla., jury (UPI); bottom center—Bundy in the courthouse law library at Aspen, Colo. (Jerry Gay © Seattle Times). Surrounding photos of Bundy on jacket, portraits of some of the young women whose remains were found in different parts of the country (Wide World).

All but one were college students. Other than these similarities, there were no clues.

On the sweltering evening of July 15, six months after the disappearances began, King County homicide detective Robert Keppel sat in his living room watching the news on television. Suddenly he held up his hand to silence his children. Two more young women were missing. Both had vanished the day before—a Sunday—from Lake Sammamish State Park, some ten miles west of Seattle. Unlike the five earlier disappearances, these two cases were of direct concern to Keppel. Lake Sammamish lay smack in the mid-

patrolling a crowded beach, he stalked, struck and was gone. Homicide detectives were left wandering in a wilderness of false leads with hardly a shred of evidence to guide them.

To find answers, they turned to the laboratory of the forensic detective. A few fibers from clothes, a random hair, even the pattern of tooth marks, would lead them to the solution of one of the most baffling cases in American criminal history.

dle of King County's jurisdiction.

Shortly before eight o'clock the next morning, Keppel and fellow detective Roger Dunn were summoned into their commander's office. Capt. Joseph "Nick" Mackie, a large, gruff man, was seated behind his desk going through the first reports of the two disappearances. "I'm assigning you and Dunn, so drop whatever you have going," he said. "The Seattle police have zero on their girls. Now this. We lose two in one day. What the hell is going on?"

Back at their desks, Keppel and Dunn began to flesh out the sketchy details. They didn't seem to make

sense: two young women, total strangers to each other, had vanished into thin air from the same place, on the same day, in front of an estimated 40,000 picnickers and sunbathers who had thronged the park that afternoon. This was not exactly the kind of hunting ground preferred by a "mad killer" who the newspapers had been suggesting might be responsible.

The first to be reported missing—her roommate had called police at 3:30 p.m. on Monday when she had not returned after more than 24 hours—was 23-year-old Janice Ott, a stunning blonde. The second disappearance involved 18-year-old Den-

ise Naslund. At approximately 4:30 that Sunday afternoon she had left her boyfriend and another couple at the lake to visit a nearby rest room. She did not return. Her car had not been moved from the parking lot.

By midmorning, more than 100 Explorer, Search and Rescue members had been briefed and were carefully combing the area for clues—or worse. They were also joined by 20 specially trained German-shepherd search dogs and their handlers. They found nothing.

As television stations throughout the Northwest reported the latest disappearances, hundreds of phone calls jammed the switchboard at a special police number. From among the avalanche of calls, homicide detectives managed to isolate nuggets of information: Janice Ott was positively identified leaving the park in the company of a slim man of medium height who had one arm in a beige-colored sling. According to the witness, the man had asked her for help in loading a boat on top of his car. The young woman had introduced herself to the stranger as "Jan." Her companion called himself Ted.

Keppel and Dunn next heard from another girl who had been approached in the park by a man with his arm in a beige sling. He had hurt the arm playing racquetball; could she help him load a boat onto his car? She had accompanied him to the parking lot where he approached a metallic-brown-colored Volkswagen. But the boat was nowhere in

sight. He politely explained that it was "up at his parents' house" and indicated one of the hills that rise behind the park. Then he motioned to the passenger door of the Volkswagen and urged the girl to get in. When she told him she couldn't go, the stranger did not press. He only smiled and thanked her for her trouble. About 15 minutes later, she would see him again. This time he was leaving with a blonde closely resembling Janice Ott. It was shortly after 12:30 p.m.

On July 17, Keppel drove to a suburb near the park to interview yet another girl who had been confronted by a Ted look-alike. The approach had been made some three hours after Janice Ott was seen accompanying the stranger to the parking lot. His opening words this time: "Excuse me, young lady. Could you help me launch my sailboat?"

The girl declined. The man's appearance—if indeed he was the same individual—varied from that described in other reports. For one thing, he had apparently changed clothes. His age, height and build were roughly similar, but the polished personality noted by earlier witnesses had changed dramatically. His hair was disheveled; his eyes, their pupils no larger than pinpricks, bugged as if from great pressure within. Refused, he became nasty and insistent. He tugged at the girl's arm. She pulled free, apologized for not being able to help him, and left. She had noticed one other thing: he had a sling on his arm.



Working on the Bundy case in Washington State, King County detectives Robert Keppel (left) and Roger Dunn

The girl had encountered the young man with the sling only a hundred yards from the rest room where Denise Naslund was last seen. The hunt for Ted was on.

Look-Alike Victims

SOON after a series of radio, television and newspaper appeals were made to the public, King County police were attempting to deal with an average of 500 phone calls a day: someone had seen Ted in Portland; a man with his arm in a sling was spotted hitchhiking to Idaho; he had boarded a bus in Seattle. Each report had to be investigated, then eliminated or added to a list of possible clues.

As lead after lead evaporated, Dunn arranged for those who had seen Ted at the park to meet with a police artist. Dozens of preliminary sketches were made until all agreed on the drawing that best resembled the man they had encountered. The

result shocked many of the detectives. It showed a young man whose cleanly shaped jaw line, nose and brow were capped with a boyish mop of sandy hair. The deep-blue eyes were large, wide-spaced and innocent.

"Geez," said one. "If my mother saw that, she'd want to adopt him."

On July 25, Keppel received a phone tip that dramatically broadened the scope of the investigation. The caller was a student at Central Washington State College in Ellensburg, roughly 100 miles southeast of Seattle. On the night of April 17, a Central Washington State student—18-year-old Susan Elaine Rancourt—had vanished from the campus. She had not been heard from again. Now the college newspaper, *The Campus Crier*, had published the artist's drawing of the Lake Sammamish suspect.

The caller said she had encoun-

tered a similar-looking man near the college library at about ten o'clock the same night that Susan Rancourt disappeared. "He came up behind me. I heard him drop some books and packages. He asked if I could help him take them to his car."

"Why would he do that?" Keppel asked.

"He'd hurt himself. He had a sling on his arm."

Keppel asked about the man's car. It was a Volkswagen. The young woman had suddenly felt a nameless fear. When the stranger asked that she place the books in the car, she put them down and left.

"Run every kid out there," Mackie ordered. "Check the yearbooks, everything. Also the faculty."

Mackie paused for a moment, thinking. "And while you're at it, Kep," he said, "let's start pulling together all these missing girls. I don't just mean in the state of Washington."

In addition to the five young women missing from the Seattle area and Susan Rancourt from Ellensburg, King County police knew that another student—19-year-old Donna Gail Manson—had disappeared on the night of March 12 from the campus of Evergreen State College in Olympia. And more than 200 miles to the south in Corvallis, Ore., yet another student—22-year-old Roberta Kathleen Parks—had vanished from Oregon State University during the night of May 6.

These added up to a total of eight young women who were missing

under suspicious circumstances in the Northwest so far that year. The figure did not include an early January attack on Betty Jameson,* who had been brutally beaten in her bed and sexually violated with a metal rod. She was recovering, but could remember no details of the assault.

As one young woman after another vanished, and police compared their photos, an astonishing pattern emerged. Each young woman wore her longish hair parted in the middle; each had strikingly attractive features. Indeed, the likenesses were almost eerie.

Meanwhile, Dunn drew the assignment of assembling the cases. His phone calls and Teletypes to other law-enforcement jurisdictions throughout the West had brought an overwhelming response. Among the first to react were the Royal Canadian Mounted Police in Vancouver, B.C.—only three hours by car from Seattle. Beginning in October 1969, British Columbia police had been baffled by a series of unsolved sex murders and disappearances. The bodies of 13 women had been found. Another was missing from her Vancouver Island neighborhood.

Once again, Keppel and Dunn were seeing double. Many of the Canadian women had long hair, parted in the middle. They were so alike that they might have been twins to the American victims.

Worse was to come. By the end of

*Not her real name.

the first week in August, King County detectives were aghast to find that no fewer than 68 young women had been reported missing or had been found dead across the Northwest and as far south as Arizona. Many of these cases were identical to those in King County.

In one sense, Keppel reckoned, many of these other police agencies were better off than his own. They had some physical evidence to assist their investigation. "Some of them," he noted, "have bodies."

A corpse—even a skeleton—can be a hive of clues. The nature and depth of the wounds will often reveal the type of weapon that was used. Scrapings from beneath fingernails can yield fibers or traces of dried blood if the victim scratched her attacker. Soil samples recovered from the victim or her clothing can disclose whether or not the victim was killed elsewhere, then transported to where she was found. Plaster casts can be made of tire or shoe treads found imprinted on soft earth nearby.

To Keppel, Dunn and the other 14 detectives assigned to the case, such evidence was absolutely vital. But they had never found a body. They could not even prove that murder had been committed.

The Bodies

AUGUST wore on. Day after day, Nick Mackie confronted the press, and day after day he could report no progress.

On Saturday, September 7, a rare day off, Keppel and Dunn drove

to Tacoma to pick up some heavy crosssties to bank and terrace Keppel's garden. As they headed back toward Seattle, Dunn absentmindedly fiddled with the radio dial. Suddenly a program was interrupted for a news bulletin: according to King County homicide authorities, an unidentified skeleton had been found that morning by a hunter in the hills above Issaquah, only four miles from Lake Sammamish State Park.

Guided to the location by a King County radio dispatcher, the two detectives arrived on the scene shortly after 4 p.m. The discovery had been made on the side of a heavily wooded hill, deep in a thick undergrowth of ferns and nettles, some 50 feet from a narrow dirt road.

Near the foot of a rotten stump, Keppel squatted to examine a skull, rib cage and partially intact spinal column which lay on the soft earth as if they had been gently placed there only hours before. The skull was hairless and smooth like a small, polished boulder. While matted clumps of dark hair had been found on the path, no clothing had been seen, or any jewelry. There were no obvious wounds on the skull which might disclose the cause of death. Small-animal trails led to and from the scene, and Keppel feared that most of the remains had been scattered by scavengers. The site was guarded overnight, in preparation for a search the following morning.

At 8 a.m. the next day a team assembled at the foot of the hill.



Volunteers searching for remains of victims in Washington State

Nearly 100 in all, they worked in silence, shoulder to shoulder, on their hands and knees. Each leaf was turned. Rocks and pebbles were moved aside. Even tiny clumps of grass were thoroughly combed. Throughout the morning, Keppel maintained an item-by-item log. A partial account:

0950: Searchers find the first bone. It is four inches long and seems to be part of a leg.

0955: Six finds have been made. They appear to be human bones.

0956: A team has discovered a large amount of blond hair near a moldy depression in the earth.

The depression is roughly the size and shape of a human body.

By the end of the afternoon, more than 20 separate pieces of human bone had been recovered. The partial skeleton found the day before had been removed to the county medical examiner's office. Dental charts showed conclusively that, 55 days after she had disappeared, Denise Naslund had been found.

At that evening's news briefing, a drawn Nick Mackie stood blinking in the harsh glare of the TV-camera lights. "The worst we feared is true," he announced.

He did not, however, tell the press

that deep in the undergrowth, the search team had found clear depressions where *three* bodies had rested before being disturbed by animals.

The puzzle was partly answered on September 10. A mandible—lower jawbone—found that morning was confirmed by dental records to be Janice Ott's. Meanwhile, University of Washington anthropologists were reconstructing the remains collected thus far, bone by bone. They delivered their preliminary report to Nick Mackie the next day. "There are definitely three individuals represented by the materials," the report concluded.

Although King County detectives finally had their sought-for crime scene, they had little else. Rain and erosion had long since erased any footprints or tire tracks. No weapon had been found on the hill or near the body depressions. In fact, so little evidence existed that detectives could not even legally prove that a murder had been committed. All they were left with were the remains of three women. And at that, they could identify only two of them.

On October 15 the teleprinter across the room from Keppel's desk chattered out the news that another skeleton had been found by a deer hunter in a remote area near Yacolt, Wash., not far from the Oregon border. Keppel and Dunn left at once. By the time they arrived, the young woman had been identified. She was a newcomer to the list of potential Ted victims: Carol Valenzuela, who had been reported miss-

ing August 4 by her husband. She was known to hitchhike.

No clothing was found, no identifiable jewelry, no footprints or tire tracks. A cause of death was impossible to establish because of advanced decomposition and the interference of scavengers. There was yet another parallel to the other finds. Approximately 100 feet away from his first discovery, the hunter had stumbled across portions of a second body.

On October 30 the remains of the women were sent to Washington, D.C., where they were examined by the Smithsonian Institution's Curator of Physical Anthropology, J. Lawrence Angel, a forensic expert.

One of Angel's first discoveries was that Carol Valenzuela's teeth had a pinkish tinge. Angel knew that this is a phenomenon often encountered when strangulation is the cause of death. Enormous pressure against the neck will force blood into the head, and even tiny blood vessels buried in the pulp of teeth may rupture. Thus the pink coloration.

But other than this, Angel could add little more to the medical examiner's initial findings.

Keppel and Dunn returned from Yacolt empty-handed. All they could tell Mackie was that the discoveries were similar to their own and it was likely that the same man was responsible, the shadow known as Ted.

Right Under Their Noses

COMPARED WITH the majesty of the nearby Cascades, Taylor Mountain is a molehill. Its summit is only 2602

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feet high; it rises 34 miles southeast of Seattle's university district. On the afternoon of March 1, 1975, two forestry students were completing a surveying assignment on the slopes when one spotted what looked to be a human skull.

Again a search was organized, and on the morning of March 3 Keppel joined others in a hands-and-knees coverage of the slope. The undergrowth was so thick that he lost sight of the others. Suddenly his foot caught in a root, and he fell heavily. Looking up, he saw that he was not alone anymore. The hollow eye sockets of a skull watched him from only a few feet away.

It took a moment to get over the shock. Then, calmly, he studied the skull. After all these months, Keppel

was as much an expert on the dental charts of the missing women as were their own dentists. At a glance, he knew what had happened to Susan Elaine Rancourt, missing almost a year from the campus of Central Washington State College.

By the weekend, Taylor Mountain had become a charnel house. In addition to Susan Rancourt, the remains of three other young women had been identified: Brenda Ball, missing since June; Roberta Kathleen Parks, abducted from Oregon State University, 262 miles away; and Lynda Ann Healy, the first of the victims, who had vanished from Seattle's University of Washington more than a year before.

The discovery of the grisly scene on Taylor Mountain increased the

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pressure on King County detectives to almost unbearable levels. On March 17, an unprecedented meeting was held at the investigation headquarters. Representatives of 20 Northwest law-enforcement agencies compared notes on the cases. Also on hand were three detectives from the RCMP's British Columbia headquarters. After three hours participants left, feeling for the first time that their efforts would be coordinated. But as the days dragged on into spring, hopes fell.

"Somebody out there has got to know Ted," Mackie growled again and again.

Keppel agreed with him. Indeed, he had a growing conviction that they had already questioned the man responsible and dismissed him.

Somewhere in their mountain of files, Ted lived and breathed.

As of May 25, the suspect count had reached 2552 names. And there were an even 1000 Volkswagens on file. To restore some semblance of order to this hodgepodge of information, a county computer was borrowed to sort the suspects and the data into coded classifications. In all, a staggering 40,000 items of information were fed into the computer, producing nearly 100 yards of printouts. But the computer failed to provide a solid suspect.

It was the last straw. For almost a year, the King County police had devoted every asset they possessed to the investigation. More than 100,000 man-hours had been fruitlessly expended. They could do no more. As

of June 1, the Ted task force was reduced to Keppel and Dunn.

Frustrated at every turn, they came back to all that was left them—the 2500 suspects who still had to be cleared to their satisfaction. With the assistance of a policewoman, they managed by the end of June to boil those down to the top 100 prospects. One by one, they checked the suspects, whose files were stacked in no particular order in a wire basket. It required an average of one week to clear each name. By the morning of August 19, they had managed to eliminate six. They were about to begin work on the seventh when a telephone call was received from Salt Lake City. A detective named Jerry Thompson of the sheriff's office there was on the line.

"Didn't you call us a while back about a Theodore Robert Bundy?" Thompson wanted to know. The policewoman who took the call replaced the phone and walked over to the basket containing the files of the next 94 suspects. The name on the top file was marked clearly: BUNDY, THEODORE ROBERT COWELL.

Bundy had been an on-again, off-again suspect, one of thousands. He had moved from Seattle to Salt Lake City a year before. As a matter of routine, the sheriff's office there had been notified of the change of address.

"We just arrested him," Thompson told Keppel in a subsequent conversation. "Attempting to evade a police officer. He has a Volkswagen, right?"

Keppel said something to the effect that he thought he did. He was doodling as he listened.

Thompson then told Keppel about some burglary tools that were found in Bundy's car. "What the hell's a law student doing with burglary tools?" asked Thompson. "I think we ought to check him out. We've got a bunch of dead girls around here."

Suddenly, with a horrifying blur, it all came together for Keppel. Bundy had been right under their noses.

Cool and Collected

FOR Detective Thompson and the residents of Salt Lake City, the terror had begun on October 28, 1974—just as detectives in Seattle were noticing that the monthly disappearances of young women in their area had suddenly ended. On that day, two hunters discovered the body of 17-year-old Melissa Smith sprawled in oak brush in the mountains some 25 miles from the city. She was nude and had been molested. She had been strangled with a stocking.

One month later, another 17-year-old girl, Laura Aime of nearby Salem, was found dumped over an embankment of the American Fork River about 40 miles south of the city. She had been missing for about a month. The body was nude and nearly frozen. She had been raped. Her skull had been fractured, and a nylon stocking was twisted tightly about her neck.

Next came 17-year-old Debra

Kent. On the night of November 8 she had left a play at her high school in Bountiful, Utah, to pick up her brother in the family car. The car was found untouched in the school parking lot. Debra had not been heard from since. In this case, however, a clue had been left behind: a single handcuff key which an alert policeman recovered just outside the school.

The key had been found to fit perfectly a pair of handcuffs used in the nearly successful kidnapping of a girl only hours before Debra Kent disappeared. The scene was a shopping mall 16 miles away. A handsome man in his mid-to-late 20s had approached Carol DaRonch, telling her that he was a policeman and that she needed to accompany him to headquarters because a prowler had been caught trying to break into her car. The man had driven a block when he stopped and tried to handcuff the girl. When she escaped from the car, he came after her with a small crowbar. She was saved when a motorist appeared and her would-be kidnapper fled, leaving behind the handcuffs.

The girl had provided an accurate description of the man, which closely resembled that of a stranger who had later been seen lurking around the high-school auditorium. Both men had mustaches, were roughly the same age, height and weight. But Carol DaRonch could add one more detail: her abductor had driven a light-colored Volkswagen with a tear across the top of the back seat.

Thompson reread the report on his desk: Theodore Robert Bundy, a 28-year-old, second-year law student at the University of Utah, had been stopped by a highway patrolman shortly before 3 a.m. the previous Saturday under peculiar circumstances. Bundy was parked on the side of a darkened residential street when, spotting the patrolman's car approaching, he fled for no apparent reason. After a high-speed chase, Bundy was finally pulled over.

On the floor of the Volkswagen the officers discovered a satchel containing gloves, a small crowbar, an ice pick, a pair of pantyhose with nose and eye holes cut in them. And in the trunk they found a pair of handcuffs. Bundy was charged with "attempting to evade a police officer."

Ordinarily the report would not have caught Thompson's attention. But the next Tuesday morning the subject was raised at the regular meeting that recapped arrests and crimes of the previous week. A patrolman who had been present during the search of Bundy's car volunteered that he thought it was strange that a law student, dressed all in dark-colored clothing, would be prowling a neighborhood at 2:30 a.m. in a car full of burglary tools.

Thompson agreed. What was more, he knew he had heard the name before. He took the report back to his office and began rummaging in his desk for a reminder. He quickly found it: a 1974 appointment calendar. On a page for a day that previous September he had

noted down: "Theodore R. Bundy—re King County police." Now he had it. Bundy had moved from Seattle to Salt Lake City to attend law school beginning that month. Previously he had been a King County suspect in a murder case.

After Thompson's conversation with Keppel, it was decided to have Bundy rearrested and charged with possession of burglary tools.

On August 21, Bundy agreed to sign a "consent warrant" to search his apartment. The question was, what were the detectives to look for? Thompson reminded them of not only the local murders but of those in Washington, and others in Colorado. He wanted them to concentrate on anything Bundy might possess that could link him with any of the victims: clothing, jewelry, weapons, panty hose, sales slips.

That evening, with Bundy seated in the rear of an unmarked detective car, the police drove to his apartment in a rooming house near the university campus. It was immaculate. There was not a speck of dust, not a shoe was out of place in the closet.

"Have you ever been in Colorado?" Thompson asked abruptly.

"No," Bundy replied smoothly. "That's a state I've never visited."

A detective then emerged from Bundy's bedroom and called Thompson over. Thompson accompanied the detective into the bedroom where he was handed some brochures, a gasoline credit-card charge slip, and a Colorado road map. Thompson examined the first

brochure. It was a recreational guide for Bountiful, Utah—the Salt Lake City suburb where Debra Kent had vanished. The second brochure listed Colorado ski resorts. Thompson returned to the living room.

"Where did you get these?" he asked Bundy.

The reply was instantaneous: "Oh, those. They were left here by a friend of mine who was talking about how good the skiing was."

Thompson then asked about Bountiful. Bundy could not recall. He might have driven through it at one time or another.

Questions remained in Thompson's mind like itches that needed to be scratched. "You know," he said to his partner, "most guys would be a little upset about our coming in like this and searching their place. Not Bundy. He didn't even ask us what we were looking for."

The following morning a phone call was received that only added to Thompson's suspicions. Bundy had hired a lawyer. "You're not looking at my client in regard to the murder of all those girls, are you?" he asked.

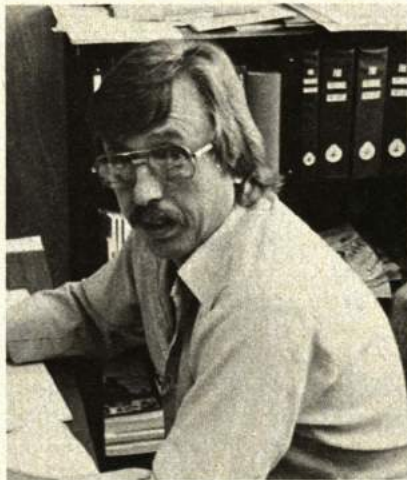
How would he have gotten that idea, Thompson wondered. He had never raised the subject of the dead and missing girls.

A Murderer's Education

THAT SAME MORNING, August 22, Thompson placed a long-distance call to Mike Fisher at the Pitkin County attorney's office in Aspen, Colo. Several months earlier, Fisher had flown in from Aspen to compare



*Salt Lake City detective
Jerry Thompson*



*Mike Fisher, chief investigator for the
Pitkin County D.A.'s office*

similarities between the Utah crime scenes and his own. For, like Thompson in Salt Lake City and Keppel in Seattle, Fisher had not made any headway in solving another disappearance—that of 23-year-old Caryn Campbell that past January. Fisher, Thompson knew, would be very interested in the discovery of the Colorado ski brochure and road map in Bundy's apartment.

Fisher was indeed intrigued. He asked Thompson to examine the map and the brochure for clues to specific trips to Colorado. Cradling the phone, Thompson rechecked the map and found nothing. Then he unfolded the brochure. His eyes traveled down the list of resorts and hotels. He found three faint check marks and read them off one by one.

"Come again with the last one," Fisher asked.

"The Wildwood Inn, Snowmass."

There was a sharp gasp on the other end of the line. "That's it. That's where Caryn Campbell was last seen."

Thompson looked again at the gas-station charge slip found in Bundy's apartment. If Fisher could obtain a complete list of charges, it undoubtedly would reveal if Bundy had used the car in Colorado.

Meanwhile, Carol DaRonch, who had managed to escape from her would-be kidnapper earlier the same night Debra Kent disappeared, was shown photos Thompson had taken of the Volkswagen. The car, she felt, was very similar to the one driven by her attacker; the rear-seat tear was in the same place. Thompson also asked her to go through a stack of arrest photos. She examined each carefully, then handed back all but

one. The photograph she retained was Ted Bundy's mug shot.

Police in Bountiful, Utah, also showed Bundy's arrest photo to a witness who had been at the high-school auditorium the night Debra Kent vanished, and had met the suspect face to face. "If he had a mustache," she said, "that could be the man."

On September 7, Mike Fisher in Aspen called back. Chevron credit card No. 769-002-247-5—issued to a Theodore R. Bundy—had indeed been used in Colorado. Bundy had twice topped off his tank in Glenwood Springs on January 12. This was the date that Caryn Campbell had been reported missing in Snowmass. And Glenwood Springs was less than 40 miles away.

Bundy's receipts showed that he had made three more gasoline purchases on March 15: in Golden, Colo.; in Silverthorne; and in Dillon. To cover this route he would have had to drive past Vail. It was here that a 23-year-old ski instructor had vanished—on that very day. Less than a month later, Bundy was back in Colorado. He filled up in Grand Junction on April 6, the exact date and location at which yet another young woman was reported missing. Together, these events totaled more than either Fisher or Thompson could accept as mere coincidence. But while the receipts put Bundy near the scene, they were not the kind of evidence on which an arrest for the crimes could be based. To obtain a warrant for Bundy's arrest,

Carol DaRonch would have to pick him out of a lineup. This would require a court order for Bundy's appearance. Before this, Thompson wanted to know as much as he could about Bundy and his background.

On September 17 he and two other detectives flew to Seattle to compare notes with Keppel and interview a potential witness—the suspect's former girlfriend. She had harbored doubts about him ever since the details of the Lake Sammamish case had become public.

For example, on the afternoon that Janice Ott and Denise Naslund disappeared, Bundy had provided a vague excuse of where he had been. He had returned to his apartment disheveled and exhausted, and had transferred a ski rack from his car to hers. He provided no explanation. A short time later, a news report revealed that the suspect Volkswagen had a ski rack.

There were other disturbing idiosyncrasies. In the fall of 1973—several months before the disappearances began—she had found a shopping bag containing women's underclothing in Bundy's room. Also, she noticed that he kept medical supplies that included crutches, bandages, and materials from which plaster casts could be made. Again, he had no plausible explanation.

She also discovered a lug wrench that Bundy had taken from the trunk of her car. Its shaft had been taped for a handgrip as though it were intended as a weapon. Then there were the knife in his glove compart-

ment, the rubber surgical gloves in his pocket. Individually these items proved nothing. But collectively they frightened Bundy's girlfriend, who had already noted a marked change in his personality.

In the previous ten days, Keppel and Dunn had managed to interview most of Bundy's former employers. They discovered from attendance records that he was absent from work nearly every time a young woman disappeared. When one of them had been abducted on a weekend, his whereabouts had been a mystery.

Bundy had been born in Vermont, out of wedlock, on November 24, 1946. He had lived in Philadelphia until the age of four. His mother had then moved the family to Tacoma, Wash., where Bundy grew up and was educated. High-school records disclosed that he was a better-than-average student, though something of a "loner." After graduation in 1965, he attended the University of Puget Sound in Tacoma for a year before transferring to the University of Washington in Seattle, where he began a major in ancient studies.

He interrupted his college career several times: once to spend a summer at Stanford University in California; once to attend the spring semester at Temple University in Philadelphia. Perhaps only coincidentally, police in Philadelphia reported a series of murders of young women in the area at that time. And they abruptly ended when Bundy

returned to the West, where he eventually resumed his studies at the University of Washington. He was graduated in 1972 with a degree in psychology.

After graduation, Bundy was employed by the Seattle Crime Commission. One of the projects he had worked on was sexual assaults on women in the area and the problems of police in solving such cases when there were jurisdictional conflicts. He had previously worked at a mental-health center and helped out at a crisis-counseling center.

In the fall and winter of 1973-74, Bundy attended law classes sporadically at the University of Puget Sound. Having made up his mind to acquire a law degree, he then decided to enroll at the University of Utah's School of Law in Salt Lake City, where he had been accepted several months earlier. In mid-August 1974 he packed his belongings and moved out of Seattle.

Thompson felt his scalp begin to tingle as he ticked off the items: a degree in psychology; familiarity with psychiatric counseling and the treatment of mentally disturbed patients; a working knowledge of the jurisdictional difficulties of the police in solving sexual assaults (many of Bundy's alleged victims had been abducted in one jurisdiction, found in another, while he himself lived in a third). And finally there was his interest in law. If Thompson had wanted to educate a successful murderer, he could have found no better way.

Telltale Hair

BY OCTOBER 1 the Salt Lake County sheriff's office felt it had enough substantial information to apply for the court order that would require Bundy to appear for the lineup. It was scheduled for 9:30 a.m. the next day. Seated in the darkness before the one-way glass were Carol DaRonch and two of the witnesses from the high-school auditorium in Bountiful. But when Bundy shuffled in with seven others and took his place, Thompson was horrified to find himself looking at a totally different man. His hair had been cut much shorter, and, unlike the day before, it was parted to one side.

The witnesses watched silently as each man's number was called. They

were asked to study the subjects carefully. Then, if they were sure of the right man, they were to note his number on a slip of paper. The lineup took only ten minutes. After the men had left, the slips were collected. The verdict was unanimous. Each witness had written the number 7 on her pad. And number 7 was Theodore Bundy.

That morning Bundy was formally charged with aggravated kidnap and attempted criminal homicide. He was ordered held in jail under \$100,000 bail.

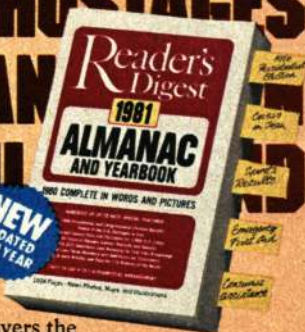
A day later, Bundy's Volkswagen was seized by the police. They hoped to find some item, however minute, that would place one or more of the victims in the car: a piece of jewelry, a broken button, bloodstains, indi-

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vidual hairs, or fibers from clothing.

Thompson was not optimistic. Detectives would be trying to find evidence nearly a year old. They went over the Volkswagen inch by inch using a high-powered vacuum cleaner. The debris—about 20 pounds of it—was then packaged and shipped to the FBI's crime laboratory in Washington, D.C. Here it became the responsibility of Special Agent Bob Neill, a supervisor in the Scientific Analysis Section.

Soon after the package arrived, the debris was carefully emptied onto an examination table and sorted under an illuminated magnifying glass for obvious hairs or fibers. Some were spotted almost immediately. Many were clearly dog hairs. Others, however, were unmistakably human. All were picked out with tweezers and placed in clear plastic pill boxes.

Human hair, Neill was fond of pointing out in his lectures to students at the FBI Academy, is not unlike a pencil: two outer layers surrounding an inner core. The first layer, or mantle, is called the cuticle. Magnified up to 400 times, it appears as a tightly packed arrangement of scales, much as does the flank of a fish.

The second layer is known as the cortex. It represents 85 percent of an individual hair's thickness and contains the pigmentation cells from which the hair takes its color. Under a microscope, tiny gaps can be detected among these cells. They are pockets of trapped air called cortical



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fusi, and some humans have more or less of them than others. Finally there is the inner core, or medulla. Its width and the pattern of its cells vary from one individual to the next.

After confirming the presence of intact human hairs in the vacuumed debris, Neill called for samples of scalp and pubic hairs from all of the suspected victims in Utah and Colorado. One by one he studied them, mounted on slides under a Leitz research microscope, an instrument whose lens is capable of magnifications of up to 900 times. Then, with the characteristics of the victim samples fixed in his mind's eye, he began sorting through the slides from the debris. Whenever he found what seemed at a glance to be a similar hair, he set it aside.

By the morning of January 28, Neill had isolated a total of 14 hairs. Now he used a more complex instrument called a comparison scope. It was in fact two microscopes in one. Together they projected a unified image through a central lens. Thus, what were two separate hairs were merged. One became a continuation of the other. If the continuation was not broken by differing characteristics, Neill would have a match.

He pressed his eye tighter onto the lens. What he was seeing was a hair from Aspen victim Caryn Campbell and one found in the debris vacuumed from the trunk of the Volkswagen. It was a perfect blend.

In rapid succession, Neill made two more matches. Another Caryn Campbell scalp hair was identical to

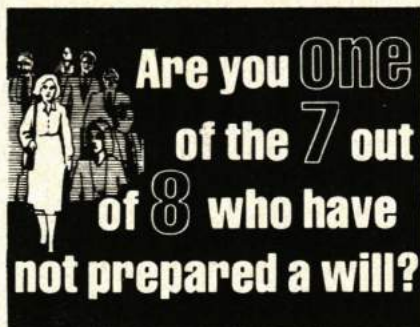
one lifted from the front floormat. And a pubic hair from Melissa Smith was the twin of another recovered from the vacuumed samples. Out of some 20 characteristics, the hairs exhibited an average of 17 of the same properties—well within Neill's stringent standards.

A Fatal Mistake

ON FEBRUARY 10 Keppel, Fisher and Thompson met in Salt Lake City, along with other law-enforcement officials involved in the case, to re-examine each piece of evidence. Most telling were Bob Neill's hair match-ups. In the case of Melissa Smith, however, all Thompson had was a single hair. Unsupported by other evidence, it probably was not enough to prosecute Bundy.

Mike Fisher had better luck. Not only did he have a link to Bundy through Caryn Campbell's scalp hairs found in the Volkswagen debris; he also had the credit-card purchases in nearby Glenwood Springs the day that she had vanished. A bulldog of a detective, Fisher had run down leads from California to Michigan looking for one more clue that would clinch his case. In early January he had found one: a woman in California who had been at the Wildwood Inn in Snowmass that night. From Bundy's Salt Lake City mug shot and a photo of the lineup, she had positively identified him as the man she had seen near the elevator only minutes before the young woman was abducted.

It was now decided that Fisher's



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case against Bundy was the tightest. But they were wrong. Fisher flew back to Colorado late that afternoon. The next morning, after reviewing all the evidence, the judge remained unconvinced. Fisher was told to try again. It was a devastating blow. In order to accumulate the evidence to date, Fisher had exhausted nearly all the funds available to his small one-man office.

Theodore Bundy's trial for the aggravated kidnap of Carol DaRonch opened in Salt Lake City on February 23. (The charge of attempted criminal homicide had been dropped.) He had elected to be tried by the presiding judge, without a jury. Right away Thompson sensed that he was in trouble. Even though Carol DaRonch stuck by her identi-

cation, Bundy's defense attorney hammered at the fact that she had picked him out of the lineup nearly a year after the attack had taken place. Perhaps Bundy only looked like her assailant.

The defense also contended that on the day Bundy was accused of attempting to kidnap Carol DaRonch, his Volkswagen was not operable. In fact, he had been having trouble with it off and on all that month. Prosecuting attorney David Yocom knew that this was not true. He had seen from the gas charge slips that Bundy was driving long distances.

Bundy then took the stand in his own defense. He was that sure of himself. Again and again that after-

(Continued on page 226)

SPREAD THE WORD WITH REPRINTS

READERS frequently tell us how gratifying it is to pass along copies of especially interesting or useful articles to friends, church congregations, volunteer groups, employees, nursing homes, schools, etc. Reprints available from the March 1981 issue:

Seven Ways to Bring Sex Back to Life	page 35
Be a Child Again!	page 57
Our Army Is Unprepared	page 70
How the IRS Helps the Mob	page 135
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noon, using the credit-card slips as evidence, Yocom attacked Bundy's unsubstantiated claims and showed that he had lied. Stammering, Bundy could provide no explanations. Suddenly the odds had shifted.

On March 1 the judge declared Bundy guilty as charged and, on June 30, sentenced him to one to 15 years in prison. Thompson was elated when he heard the news. He knew that this flexible sentence could allow for Bundy's parole after only a year, but it bought Mike Fisher the time he needed so badly. Throughout that summer, Fisher gradually narrowed the gap. He concentrated on eliminating the odds that Caryn Campbell's scalp hairs could have found their way into the Volkswagen by happenstance. Then, in late October, he resubmitted the case to the judge.

A warrant for Bundy's arrest charging him with the first-degree murder of Caryn Campbell was issued in Pitkin County, Colo., on October 21, and early in 1977 Bundy, securely handcuffed, was on his way to arraignment in Aspen.

Escape

TRENDY Aspen and Ted Bundy seemed made for each other. As pretrial motions dragged on through the spring, Bundy became an overnight celebrity, an innocent victim of "the system," despite the grisly crime for which he stood accused.

By early June, he had demanded and received nearly full run of the law library in the Pitkin County

courthouse. And it was here, from the second floor, in broad daylight, that he escaped during a court recess on June 7. Word of Bundy-at-liberty swept through police agencies across the western United States. In Seattle Bob Keppel and Nick Mackie ordered 24-hour surveillance placed on Bundy's haunts, friends and relatives. In Salt Lake City Jerry Thompson warned witnesses and checked the houses of friends.

Bundy had not strayed far. Unfamiliar with the rugged mountains surrounding Aspen, he became disoriented. After several days of dodging police helicopters, he was rearrested in a stolen car.

Security was redoubled. During daylight hours, an officer was constantly at his side. He was moved to a remodeled cell at the Garfield County jail in nearby Glenwood Springs. But Fisher was far from satisfied.

"He's going to go again," he warned.

By late November, the first snows of winter had fallen on the mountains, and preparations for Aspen's ski season were well under way. But Bundy's trial still had not begun. Time and again he had managed to delay it with pretrial motions, hearings in which he attempted to suppress the evidence against him. In late December, a court ruling moved the trial to Colorado Springs. But it would never get there.

On the sub-zero night of December 30, 1977, Bundy loosened a light fixture in the ceiling of his cell and—he had purposely slimmed down

over the preceding weeks—hoisted himself through the narrow opening into the space above his cell. He then crawled until he was over the jailer's apartment. Waiting patiently until he heard the jailer leave, Bundy forced a hole through the ceiling and lowered himself into the room. From there he made his way onto the street. He had carefully constructed a dummy beneath the blankets of his cot to dupe anyone who might check the cell. It

was an old trick, but it worked. His absence was not detected until ten o'clock the next morning.

Once again, police teleprinters across the nation recorded the news. Mike Fisher was furious. A search with dogs was begun at once. But an ongoing blizzard had obliterated any tracks. There was no trace of Ted Bundy.

During the second week of February 1978, Theodore Robert Bundy

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excised by the medical examiner. That done, Souviron returned to his practice. Until they found a suspect, there was nothing more he could do.

While detectives in Tallahassee were preoccupied with the Chi Omega murders, police elsewhere were busy with their own grim cases. For example, there was the puzzling disappearance of 12-year-old schoolgirl Kimberly Leach from Lake City, some 160 miles to the east. She had vanished from class on February 9, and no trace of her had been found. Police in Lake City suspected that she had been abducted. And there was a possible link with Tallahassee.

One day before Kimberly Leach disappeared, a stranger posing as a fireman had tried to lure away another schoolgirl in Jacksonville, more than 50 miles to the east of Lake City. When the girl's brother unexpectedly appeared, the man sped off. He was driving a white Dodge van. Its license-plate number was 13D-11300, and it had been reported stolen in Tallahassee.

Four days later, the van was found abandoned near the Florida State campus. It was taken to the Department of Law Enforcement's crime lab to await examination. Was it a link to the disappearance of Kimberly Leach? And if so, did its recovery in Tallahassee have anything to do with the murders and attacks there?

At 1:30 a.m. on February 15—exactly one month to the day after the murders in Tallahassee—Patrolman David Lee was slowly cruising the darkened streets of Pensacola, a

gulf port less than 200 miles west of Tallahassee. In a narrow alley he spotted an orange Volkswagen. Lee returned for another look. When he did, the car suddenly shot out of the alley and sped away. Lee gave chase, and a check of the Volkswagen's license plate by radio quickly revealed that it had been stolen in Tallahassee.

The Volkswagen was no match for Lee's powerful cruiser, and he soon pulled it over. Drawing his pistol, he ordered the driver out of the car. But, as he was fixing handcuffs to the man's wrists, his legs were jerked out from under him. As Lee lay on the ground, he fired a shot. The driver sprinted across the street. Back on his feet, Lee leveled his revolver, shouted an order to halt. The man stopped and turned. Lee thought he saw the flash of something metal in his fist, and fired again.

The suspect fell to the ground. But he was only playing possum. When Lee stooped down to see where the man might have been hit, he was attacked again. This time he took no chances. He stunned the driver with a blow and quickly manacled him. Within minutes, the suspect was being booked for assaulting an officer. He said his name was Kenneth Misner, from Tallahassee.

The next day police in Pensacola received a phone call from the real Kenneth Misner, who told them that his identification cards had been stolen in Tallahassee some days before.

(Continued on page 235)

was placed on the FBI's "Ten Most Wanted Fugitives" list. Witnesses were guarded. Relatives and acquaintances across the country from New Jersey to Washington were contacted and warned. Surveillance was remounted on possible hiding places in Salt Lake City and in Seattle. Bob Keppel, Jerry Thompson and Mike Fisher waited nervously for word. Each suspected that it was only a matter of time. The deadly countdown had begun.

"My Name Is Bundy"

TALLAHASSEE, FLA.—some 1500 miles southeast of Aspen—is the home of Florida State University. It is also the capital of Florida. But it is more village than city. Located in the northwestern part of the state, its sleepy streets are lined with shade trees and crowded with students cycling or walking to and from classes. There is little serious crime—at least there hadn't been until the early morning hours of January 15, 1978.

At 3:22 a.m., police received a frantic call from the university's Chi Omega sorority house. Arriving, they found the upper floors of the building—the bedrooms—had been turned into a slaughterhouse. Four young women had been savagely beaten, one of them raped. Two were dead. Six blocks away, another student had been assaulted as she lay in bed. But she would survive—barely.

To Bob Keppel it was clear that Ted Bundy had surfaced. But, of course, he had yet to be caught.

Fortunately, this time there were some clues.

Three days after the murders, Dr. Richard Souviron of Coral Gables, Fla., was drilling a tooth when he was interrupted by a phone call from the Florida Department of Law Enforcement crime laboratory in Tallahassee. Souviron, known to most of his patients as just a family dentist, was also one of some 300 forensic odontologists in the country. Since 1966, he had identified hundreds of bodies through dental work alone. And he had solved several murders by linking bite marks found on the victim to a killer's teeth.

A detective at the sorority house in Tallahassee had discovered a series of bite marks on the body of Lisa Levy, one of the victims who had not survived. Her attacker had not only sexually assaulted and bludgeoned her, but had also bitten her in several places.

On January 21, Souviron flew to Tallahassee to examine specimens of the damaged flesh. He was dismayed to find that someone had carelessly placed them in a saline solution after surgically removing them from the body. They had shrunk, thus distorting the dimensions of the bruises. Without a basis for comparison, it would be difficult—if not impossible—to match the bite marks to a suspect. Souviron carefully photographed the pattern of the bruises. Then he asked for any other photographs that might have been taken of the body at the time of the autopsy—that is, before the flesh had been

Throughout that day and into the next, the suspect refused to reveal his true name. Detectives, arriving from Tallahassee to determine whether he could be linked to their own case, had no better luck in prying forth an answer. Yes, he admitted stealing credit cards from women at Florida State University; yes, he had stolen the Volkswagen. But, when the white Dodge van with license plate 13D-11300 was mentioned, he refused to discuss it. And he knew nothing about the murders at the sorority house except what he had read in the newspaper.

By early evening, the prisoner's attitude began to change. He became nervous. His voice trembled. At one point, detectives were sure he was about to break down completely. Finally, a deal was made: if the suspect could use the telephone, he would give his name. Soon after, he gave them the answer they had been waiting for.

"My name," said the suspect, "is Theodore Bundy."

Cigarette Butts

THE DETECTIVES kept at Bundy through the night. He told of driving hundreds of miles in a single night. He spoke of dark "fantasies." What were the fantasies? Bundy would not elaborate. But he did admit he had a problem, and that the detectives knew what it was. At first, Bundy said, it occurred years apart. Then it became more frequent—monthly, weekly, daily. Now it was occurring every hour.

What about Kimberly Leach? the police wanted to know. Where was her body? At first, Bundy denied knowing about her. But when pressed about the location, his eyes narrowed: "I'm the most coldhearted son-of-a-bitch you'll ever meet," he announced, his voice like ice.

Then Bundy proposed "a deal." If he could be institutionalized in Washington near his family, he might be persuaded to co-operate. Such an arrangement was not possible, and the detectives said so. But if it had been, just how many cases would Bundy help them with? Although he wouldn't give an exact number, Bundy said the figure contained three digits. The answer shocked the detectives into silence.

Back in Tallahassee, Bundy began to regain his confidence. He toyed with his questioners. He had not been in Lake City. He had not killed the young women in Tallahassee. If they were ever going to charge Bundy with the murders, they would have to do it the hard way. They would not have his confession.

On February 17—two days after Bundy's arrest in Pensacola—analysts at the Tallahassee crime lab began to go through the white Dodge van for evidence linking it to the disappearance of Kimberly Leach. Soil and leaves were removed from the rear of the van and forwarded to Dale Nute, a lab chemist and expert on soil, as well as an amateur botanist. At once, Nute spotted several small bundles of conifer needles. There were two needles to each

bundle, typical of the spruce pine.

Nute knew that this tree was most commonly found in hardwood forests such as those that exist primarily in northern Florida. He next turned to microscopic examination of the soil samples; he determined that the sand and silt were from a flood plain. This further narrowed his theory.

Spaced at arm's length, 150 patrolmen, deputies and volunteers began to comb northern Florida. They found no trace of Kimberly Leach. But on March 14, one of the searchers made a curious, if seemingly insignificant, discovery. His eye was caught by several cigarette butts scattered on the side of a dirt road not far from the boundary of Suwannee State Park, an area that fit Dale Nute's findings. The park was located some 40 miles from Lake City, where Kimberly Leach had vanished. Among the butts lay a \$5 bill. Now why, the searcher wondered, would a person just throw away \$5—unless, of course, that person was in a great hurry?

The officer collected the cigarette butts. They were sealed in plastic and sent to the lab in Tallahassee where they remained until April 5, all but forgotten in the midst of other examinations. This day an alert fingerprint analyst immediately noted similarities between the cigarettes found in the van and those recovered from the dirt road nearly three weeks before.

He reached for the phone and placed a call to the Department of Law Enforcement. It might be nothing,

he admitted, but a hunch told him that they ought to return and search the area once more. Shortly before 1 p.m. on April 7, the searchers found what was left of Kimberly Leach. She was lying under the fallen tin roof of an abandoned hog shed, a mile and a half from where the cigarettes had been found.

Unlike the crime scenes in Washington, Utah and Colorado, the discovery near Suwannee State Park was rich in potential clues. Most of the girl's clothing was recovered from beneath her body. Each article was packaged and preserved for micro-examination.

Unfortunately, it was to be more than two months before analysts could get around to them. They were still evaluating evidence from the Chi Omega murders, and they were swamped. They did, however, have good news for Dr. Richard Souviron.

The Final Proof

ON APRIL 10, the crime laboratory relayed to Coral Gables a package of Bundy's dental records and X rays made at Utah's state prison during his incarceration there. At once, Souviron noted their similarities to the pattern of bite wounds on Lisa Levy's body. For example, the records and X rays showed that Bundy's lower incisors were sharply angled, out of line with the rest of his teeth. These angles reproduced themselves on the victim's flesh.

On April 26, at Souviron's request, Judge John Rudd signed a 17-

page document which authorized him to make wax impressions of Bundy's teeth. But constructing stone models of Bundy's teeth from the wax impressions was one thing. Getting them to fit perfectly to the ring of bruises was quite another. Somehow, Souviron would have to find a way to enlarge the bite marks to a "one-on-one" scale. Since the specimen of flesh—and thus the bite marks—had shrunk by 40 percent, this seemed impossible.

Souviron got what he was looking for on May 23—a photograph of Lisa Levy taken moments before the autopsy was begun. Like the ear-

lier photos he had seen, it clearly showed bruises left by the teeth. But there was one small difference; in this picture there was a ruler next to the bite. Souviron could now enlarge the photo, using the ruler's scale, to the actual size of the bite.

Working with a City of Miami police photographer, Souviron made over 200 color slides and 50 enlargements of the bite marks. Distances between the bruise marks were measured and compared. Using the wax impressions and the stone model, they next created an overlay exhibit. Bundy's bite impressions were

Answers to "A Puzzled Fox," page 152.

- | | | | |
|----------------------|---------|------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. Horse | 3. Lamb | 5. Head of wild animal | 7 through 40. Human faces |
| 2. Head of wild boar | 4. Bird | 6. Fish | |



reproduced on an acetate sheet. This sheet was then placed over the pattern of bruises which had been enlarged to life-size. The match was perfect.

Meanwhile, at the Tallahassee crime lab, Lynn Henson, a 25-year-old forensic scientist, had discovered the presence on Kimberly Leach's

brassiere of a quantity of black- and turquoise-colored polypropylene fibers. It so happened that the rug in the rear of the van was constructed of apparently similar fibers. But were they really the same? On June 20, heat and refractive tests proved beyond a doubt that they were.

In rapid succession, Lynn Henson

came up with five more matches to the van carpet: fibers found on the girl's socks, her jeans, her jersey. Kimberly Leach, it seemed, had not only been in the van. She must have been *lying* in it. And this confirmed the report of the lab's serologist who had found that the bloodstains on the carpet were Type B—the same as the victim's.

But Lynn Henson still could not prove conclusively that Bundy had been in the van. Over and over she encountered blue polyester and wool fibers on both the van rug and the victim's clothing. These findings, coupled with an eyewitness description of the foiled Jacksonville abductor, enabled the crime lab to obtain a search warrant to seize a coat from among Bundy's effects. And it took Lynn Henson exactly one day to make the matches. The blue polyester and wool fibers found on the van mat and on Kimberly



Photo grouping showing the many faces of Ted Bundy. He possessed an amazing ability to change his facial expressions, hair styles and personality, making it difficult for the police to track him down.

PHOTOS: WIDE WORLD

Leach's socks and jeans were identical to those in Bundy's blazer.

On July 20, Theodore Robert Bundy was indicted for the first-degree murder of Kimberly Leach. One week later, he was indicted for the double homicide in Tallahassee.

His first trial, for the Tallahassee murders, began on June 25, 1979, and lasted a month. The jury was out only 6½ hours. Their verdict: guilty as charged of first-degree murder, burglary and attempted murder in the first degree.

At 2:15 p.m. on July 31 Bundy appeared for his sentencing. "This court," said Judge Edward Cowart, "does hereby impose the death penalty upon the defendant Theodore Robert Bundy."

He was then sentenced to 99 years each for the burglary of the two dwellings in which the young women were assaulted. But Bundy's rendezvous with justice was not over. There was still the murder of Kimberly Leach. The trial began in Orlando, Fla., on January 7, 1980. A month later Bundy was found guilty of first-degree murder and kidnap-

ping, and again sentenced to death.

Today, Bundy is held in a maximum-security cell on Florida State Prison's death row. Pending appeals, a date for his execution has yet to be set. State prosecutors believe the process may take years, and Bundy's ultimate fate may depend on the Supreme Court itself.

Whatever the outcome of the appeals—most believe they will be unsuccessful—Ted Bundy's career in blood has been ended. But those closest to the case—Bob Keppel, Mike Fisher and Jerry Thompson—remain uneasy. Police cannot say for sure how many victims Bundy claimed. He himself has mentioned a toll of at least 100.

When Bundy's second trial was over, the news reached Jerry Thompson not an hour later. First, he called Bob Keppel in Seattle. Then Mike Fisher in Aspen. Fisher took the news quietly. Thompson asked him what the trouble was.

"It's just that I wonder how many we missed," Fisher said.

"I know," said Thompson. "I know."



Bible Lesson

WHEN MY WIFE was expecting our first child, I grew concerned about finances, and we drastically curtailed our expenses. I had no idea how much my wife had been preoccupied with our budget until one morning in our young-adult Sunday-school class. We were listening to a lesson on Abraham's faith in God and how, at the amazing age of 90 plus, he and Sarah were blessed with a child. To the delight of the rest of the class, my wife blurted out, "They waited until they could afford it!"

—Contributed by Chuck Anderson